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✓ THE GIRL FROM PORCUPINE ✓

Photoplay in six reels

✓ Scenario by James Oliver Curwood

Directed by Dell Henderson

Author of the photoplay (under Section 62)
Arrow Film Corporation of the U. S. ✓



NOV 29 1921

THE STORY

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"The Girl From Porcupine"

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY

As the sun sank slowly over the rugged mountain peaks in Northwestern Canada, two old desert rats, Sam Hawks and his partner Bill, paused at the brink of a cliff and stopped to rest for a moment, their destination in sight. Below them at a little distance lay the sleepy and dilapidated village of Porcupine.

He continued beating the boy Jim, who lay helplessly on the ground striving to defend himself from the cruel blows. In a cabin a little distance away Hope Dugan, a child of perhaps ten years of age, went about busily preparing supper. Looking through the window on one of her trips from the stove to the table, she saw Jim being beaten, and

Tavish's cabin, where a terrific fight ensued, in which McTavish got very much the worst of it, and Dugan told him that this was the end—the boy could no longer remain with him. In future he would look after him. He left, McTavish vowed revenge, and proceeded to get thoroughly drunk.

As the shades of night settled over

"THE GIRL FROM PORCUPINE"

By

James Oliver Curwood

HOPE DUGAN	FAIRE BINNEY
JIM McTAVISH	WILLIAM (BUSTER) COLLIER, Jr.
BILL HIGGINS	Jack Drumier
SAM HAWKS	James Milady
RED McTAVISH	Adolf Milar
DUGAN	Tom Blake
SCHOOL TEACHER	Marcia Harris
HER BROTHER	Jack Hopkins
BRANDT	Sam Ryan
MILLER	Gus Pixley
MRS. MILLER	Marie Maletesta
FIRST HOLD-UP MAN	Tom Wallace
SECOND HOLD-UP MAN	Ben Lewis
THE DOG	Lassie

Directed by DELL HENDERSON

Photographed by LUCIEN TANGUAY and CHARLES DOWNS

Drawing a telescope from his pack saddle, Sam slowly took a closer view of the little town which they had left years before and were now returning to. Suddenly, with a cry of astonishment, he handed the telescope to Bill and pointed excitedly, and Bill, looking, saw a great brute of a man unmercifully whipping a slight boy of about twelve years. They turned and hurriedly ran down the long trail together.

In the meantime Jim McTavish con-

tinued beating the boy Jim, who lay helplessly on the ground striving to defend himself from the infuriated McTavish and Jim, she succeeded in bringing the man sufficiently to his senses so that he left off beating the boy and went into his cabin. She assisted the almost unconscious Jim to her cabin, where she bathed his wounds and administered to him as best she could until her father entered and helped her. She told him of the occurrence, and Dugan vowed that this brutal treatment must end. He went to Mc-

the little village of Porcupine, Sam and Bill came to a weary halt in front of the Sluice Box, the one spot where life and animation seemed to exist. Entering they were greeted as long-lost brothers by the crowd of miners and dance hall girls who had arrived at Bill Brandt's bar for an evening of gambling and drinking. Here presently they were joined by Dugan, who was likewise an old friend, and the three were soon busily talking at the bar.

OVER

"THE GIRL FROM PORCUPINE"

By James Oliver C

SYNOPSIS—Continued

The swinging doors of the Sluice Box opened to admit the form of the now dangerously drunk McTavish. Slowly his eyes traveled over the room until they came to a stop upon the form of his enemy, Dugan. Walking unnoticed through the crowd he went up to Dugan and, with a curse, shot him through the heart. Instantly Sam and Bill disarmed him, but not soon enough to save the life of their friend. Bill was for shooting him on the spot, but Sam persuaded him that this was too good a death and turned him over to the fury of the mob, while silently they carried the form of their dead friend to his cabin.

caravan that had perished in a sand storm in the desert. How brutally McTavish had treated the boy and how kind Dugan had been to the little girl, and their talk drifted as to how the children were to get on now, and it seemed but natural that these two big-hearted, homeless men should assume the responsibility of raising the children now left at the mercy of the world, and as they resolve to care for them in the future a grim and silent mob, under a majestic pine tree, turned away from the twisting form of McTavish dangling from the end of a rope over their heads.

Eight years later the little family of

had ripened into a deep and pure love, but she was, as yet, too young to understand, so it came as a great shock to him one day when the two miners, now aged and grizzled beyond their years with their life of toil and hardship, decided that they must "do right by Hope and send her away to school."

Hope, of course, was overjoyed, little realizing the tragedy that lay before her, and Jim, seeing that it was what she wanted, set aside his own love and, with a cheerful face, wished her Godspeed as she started out on the long journey to a fashionable boarding school on the banks of the Hudson, thousands of miles away.

Arriving at the school, Hope found her quaint clothes and crude manners a source of great amusement to the other girls, who were the elite of New York's society buds. Stung to anger by their treatment of her and determined to win their admiration and respect, she told them that her guardians in Canada owned the greatest gold mine in the country. This created all the sensation she had hoped, and started a chain of incidents which was to bring to her the greatest sorrow and the great love of her life.

The proprietors of the school were not slow to take advantage of this information. They wrote and notified her guardians that her tuition would be one thousand dollars per month, and that she needed a large sum of money for the proper clothes which were needed in her station of life, and the same mail carried a letter from Hope, who told how wonderful it all was and how she hoped that she would not have to wake up from this dream of happiness. Stunned by the amount of money it was taking, the three men set about trying to raise the money for Hope's schooling. The little mine had never been worked so hard before, and by dint of almost continuous labor they were able for a time to supply her with the money she needed.

Eventually Sam's health gave way under the strain and he died, making them promise that they would continue their efforts to keep Hope at school until she finished her education, and swearing them to secrecy regard-



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Entering the little cabin, they found Hope and Jim asleep in bunks, and these two children, aroused by their entrance, gave way to childish despair over the death of the one friend they had ever known in their brief existence.

Sam and Bill tried awkwardly to comfort the children, and finally Hope fell asleep in the arms of Sam while Jim sobbed himself quiet in Sam's embrace.

As the two homeless children laid in their arms the old miners spoke of the day when McTavish and Dugan had come into the camp, telling how they had found the two mites; the

four found themselves located on the banks of a stream, far up in the Canadian mountains. Here in the little log cabin, Hope, now grown to young girlhood, kept house for the three men. Sam, Bill and Jim had struck gold in a little mine in the side of a mountain which furnished them enough to supply their simple needs, and here they worked day by day, taking out the ore and carting it on burros to a little waterfall where they had constructed a crude rocker and the running water washed the tiny specks of precious metal from the soil.

Jim, now grown to sturdy young manhood, found his affection for Hope

GIRL FROM PORCUPINE"

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SYNOPSIS—Concluded

ing his death; nothing must happen to mar Hope's happiness.

With Sam dead it was impossible for the man and boy to mine enough gold dust, and so it was determined to sell the mine.

They journeyed down from the hills to the village of Porcupine and in the back room of the Sluice Box they consummated a deal with the tricky Brandt to sell their mine for ten thousand dollars. While they were reading the papers Brandt made an excuse to go out and get the money. Passing through the bar he whispered some information to hangers-on, who nodded their understanding and left. Returning, the deed was signed and he handed over the money. Drinks were set up all around, and Sam and Jim started back to the little cabin on the mountain. As they passed one of the old buildings two forms slipped out from behind them and beat them into insensibility. Swiftly one of the men removed the package of bills and departed.

Returning slowly to consciousness Jim and Bill returned to the saloon; here they overheard a conversation which aroused their suspicions, and investigation proved to them that Brandt had had them set upon and robbed of their money.

Jim re-entered the saloon and at the point of a gun forced Brandt to give up the money. While he and Bill were attempting to escape Jim was wounded. Bill assisted him to his feet, and together they plunged off the bandits. The other assisted him to his feet, and together they plunged off through the underbrush. Soon it became evident the wounded man could go no further.

Jim took the package of bills from his

pocket and handed it to Sam, bidding him to go on and send the money to Hope. Sam, after much protesting that he could not leave his partner, was brought to remember his oath to see Hope through school, and so escaped just as the pursuers closed in and captured the now unconscious Jim.

On the eve of a great party given by Hope at the fashionable school a letter arrived and with it came a check, which gave her great happiness, but reading the letter written in the scrawly hand of Bill she learned of Jim's death, and thus was brought to a great awakening. Slowly she realized that she had left behind her those who loved her; that the one man who mattered in her life was dead, and that all this fashionable society and wonderful education meant nothing. Swiftly she packed and went home, as she believed, to the two old men who were lonely and in need of her.

She arrived at the cabin and found but one place set at the table. Looking about she saw the utter bareness and emptiness, and contrasted it with the luxury she had enjoyed at school. Looking about and wondering why there appeared to be only a place set for one, she went to the door and saw, a little distance away, a lonely grave which she believed to be Jim's. She went to it and threw herself in utter abandon on the simple mound. Looking up through her tears she saw crudely engraved in the headstone the name of Sam Hawks. Unbelieving at first, her sorrow became mixed with joy. Perhaps, after all, it was not Jim who had died, and while she loved Sam as a father, yet her love for Jim was greater. Hearing footsteps behind her she turn-

ed, to be confronted by Bill. She was told that Jim was not dead; she learned the bitter truth. Jim was not dead, but even worse, he lay in the jail of Porcupine and would start the next morning to the State penitentiary to serve a twenty-year term for robbing the stagecoach. Slowly at first she forced the story from Bill. All the bitter struggle of the three men to keep her in school; the death of Sam, the selling of the mine; of their being robbed of the money and then Jim's plan to get it back.

A fierce determination sprung up within her breast that Jim must not make this sacrifice for her.

The sun arose over the mountain to reveal a stage coach creeping down from Porcupine bearing the sheriff and his manacled prisoner on the way to the penitentiary. Passing through the narrow gulch the stage coach was halted by a lone highwayman, who disarmed the sheriff and, drawing the prisoner to one side, whispered a few words. Stepping back he said: "Now, Jim McTavish, my time for revenge has come," and so saying fired three shots into the body of the boy, who dropped in the roadway. Sending the stage coach on its way, the lone highwayman dragged the form of Jim into the underbrush, where safely screened from sight the bandit removed his mask, revealing the face of Hope. Then she told Jim of her plan and why she had whispered to him to pretend to be killed when she fired the blank cartridges at him. Together they went to the top of the rise. The faithful Bill awaited them, and together the three, reunited, set their faces toward the rising sun, and so started on the road to happiness in another land.

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